

## Ragnarok Rising

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Summary: Plagued by painful dreams and hallucinations, Hiccup is introduced to the one young God he never thought he would meet- Loki Odinson, God of Mischief. Can Hiccup and Toothless trust the master of manipulation at his word? Or is it all an elaborate trick?

## Ragnarok Rising

**\*\*A/N- \*\***

**\*\*Alrighty, this is my newest plot bunnyâ€¦I know that I should be working on The Best Things About Animals, but this idea came to me right out of the blue, and you all know how it isâ€¦I had to write it. I happen to really, really like this idea, and I haven't seen anything like it in the HTTYD archives, but I'm sure there's something aroundâ€¦so I'm sorry if this has already been done before, but I think it's fairly original. \*\***

**\*\*Anyways, a few things I wanted to add- the Loki Odinson in this story is basically like the Loki from the movie **\*\*\_\*\*Thor\*\*\_\*\*** (if you haven't seen it, I thought it was awesome), but this story has nothing to do with that movie, so I'm not posting this as a crossover. Everything that happens in this story will be based in the HTTYD universe, and the only thing that I used from the movie **\*\*\_\*\*Thor\*\*\_\*\*** was pretty much Loki himself. I want to update this fairly regularly too, so if you want more from this story, review it, since comments have been proven to make me write faster. I don't think there will ever be a definite schedule to my updates, but hopefully there'll be a new chapter every week or two. Again, here's hoping, but that's definitely not set in stone.\*\***

**\*\*This is set after the movie, when Vikings and dragons have learned to live together in peace completely. And, finally, I just wanted to ask all you readers again to review to this- I love to talk, and if you send me even a **\*\*\_\*\*moderately \*\*\_\*\*intelligent comment/PM, I****

will respond to it. I love hearing what people think about what I write, my style, how I can improveâ€|all that good stuff.\*\*

\*\*Now, onto the story! \*\*

Hiccup was cold.

No, scratch that, he was freezing. His hair was frozen together in thick auburn strands, whipping heavily into eyes and stabbing his ears with the thick coating of sharp ice. His hands were numb, each of his fingers turning an unhealthy shade of purple as they shook, and all of his extremities had long since transformed into useless appendages incapable of fast movement. The metal prosthetic attached to his left leg burned against his skin, sending tendrils of icy hot pain up through the remainder of the limb whenever he tried desperately to take a step. Snow whirled in front of him, howling wind ripping at his clothes, and tiny white flakes spun in dancing circles as the snowstorm raged ferociously around him.

He couldn't see, couldn't hear, couldn't move- whenever he reached out blindly into the violent blanket of stinging white snowflakes, Hiccup touched nothing. He was alone in this obscure world of screaming gales that deafened him, of harsh sleet that threw him forward helplessly and burned his eyes to the point of blindness. His cries for Toothless, for Astrid, for his father- all were carried off into the racing airstreams and even the wind itself seemed to laugh cruelly at his own vulnerability. He was weak, powerless against the forces of the furious blizzard that had captured him.

Hiccup stumbled forward, his legs dragging through the accumulating layers of snow, and fell to his knees as a particularly strong gust of wind slammed into his back, pitching him forward. He squeezed his eyes shut against the sparkling colorlessness of the flurries that he had collapsed into, his hands coming up to cover his ears, grasping desperately at his hair, ignoring the crunching feeling of the ice beneath his fingers. The shrieking gales filled his head, pounding and pulsating and agonizing. Pain sparked behind his eyelids, bursting into a rainbow of color as his tortured body curled in on itself, trying desperately to remove itself from its prison of icy mistreatment.

He wasn't getting out of here alive. Hiccup knew that, and even as the screaming storm faded from his perception, even as the pain from his literally frozen extremities melted into a sort of warm numbness, Hiccup found that he didn't know what to think about that. Shouldn't he want to make it back alive to his village, to Berk, to his father, both of which that had just barely learned to accept him? Shouldn't he want to return to his father, to Astrid, the girl he loved more than any other? Shouldn't he want to make it back to Toothless, the first creature to love him for who he was, his best friend- the dragon who gave him everything, who saved his life?

Hiccup knew he wanted to, to see them one last time and tell them everything he wanted to tell them, to say goodbye- but, as his mind drifted slowly into the welcoming darkness, slipping further and further away from the raging storm that surrounded himâ€|

He knew that would never be.

Sharp pain exploded throughout his head, bringing Hiccup back to the

real world- just in time to hit the floor as he tumbled out of his bed with a thud. With a holler of pain and shock, he grabbed at his head, only to find his arms tangled up inside the blanket he was twisted inside of.

After scrambling around for another moment, ripping away the blanket and reaching up to rub at his head, Hiccup turned around, glaring at the side of the bed on which he had somehow managed to smack his head against. The wooden frame stared right back at him, the brown timber showing no emotion whatsoever.

Hiccup rubbed his eyes, dragging his fingers down his face before yawning widely. Maybe he could just climb back up and pretend he had never woken-

A loud thumping noise came from above, startling Hiccup out of his stupor to the point where he whacked his knee against the v\_ery \_same place his head had fallen victim to, and the sudden pain made him yelp in a very unmanly way. Dust fell from the large wooden beams that crisscrossed over his ceiling, and a loud roar came from outside, shaking the rafters before the thumping resumed.

Hiccup sighed, willing his heart rate to slow down before he had a heart attack. First the dream and now \_Toothless\_â€|it seemed that today was the day in which Hiccup may literally be scared out of his skin.

"Alright, alright, I'm coming! Just hold onâ€|impatient reptile." Hiccup muttered the last part, dragging himself up off the floor and over to the corner of his bed to grab his helmet. An answering screech of happiness that only Toothless could manage this early in the morning reached Hiccup's ears, and the rhythmic pounding above continued, faster and more reckless than before.

Hiccup grumbled to himself the entire way out the door.

Once Hiccup managed to convince Toothless to stop bouncing on the roof of his house, the sleek black dragon leapt from his perch and skidded to a stop in front of Hiccup, his yellow-green eyes wide with excitement as his tail scraped back and forth over the ground behind him, wagging like a dog. Hiccup rubbed at his head absentmindedly, yawning before turning around and trudging over to where he stored the dragons flying equipment. Toothless bounded along beside him, occasionally bumping his head against the small of Hiccup's back before trotting away out of reach.

Hiccup cursed in his head as he tripped for the tenth time, reminding himself that he \_loved\_ his dragon. Even when he was being an annoying, perky little morning dragon.

It took nearly fifteen minutes to get the saddle and tail correctly fitted to Toothless, due to the dragon's incessant wiggling, and by the time the pair was ready to go, the sun had risen all the way above the hills, casting pinkish-gold rays of morning daylight over Berk. Villagers started emerging from their houses, scratching their beards and yawning hugely with gaping mouths. Hiccup smiled at the dragons that wandered freely around the town, and at the Vikings who were now used to the company, pride welling in his chest.

Toothless looked back at him with large eyes, his pupils dilated to

the size of dinner plates, and grinned his typical, toothless grin. Hiccup grinned right back, and Toothless spread his wings wide, the inky black catching the morning light and shining brightly. Hiccup leaned forward, his prosthetic clicking into place with a single practiced move, and together, the two friends, one boy, one dragon, leapt into the crisp dawn air, soaring high into the orange sky above.

On the wing, high above the sparkling ocean, Hiccup leaned back, the salty wind whipping through his hair and clothes. His green eyes closed contentedly as Toothless let out a happy warble at the feeling of the strong wind under his wings, dipping lower and then rising higher as he followed the paths that the air currents carved out.

Berk was nothing but a speck in the distance by now, and the deep blue ocean stretched on as far as the eye could see, rippling far below the pair that flew between the clouds. The only things that broke the wide expanse was the scattered crags of rock that jutted out from the water, tall and sharp against the smoothness of the sea that surrounded them. Birds flew far below Toothless and Hiccup, small black dots that moved much slower than the Night Fury himself.

Hiccup threw his arms back, letting the wind wash over him completely, and laughed breathlessly. These were the days that he loved- the days when the sun was shining, the wind was warm, the village was healthy, and he got to spend the early morning with his best friend. The dream he'd had seemed inconsequential now- why had he even been dreaming about a snowstorm in the first place? It was the beginning of summer, warm and completely snow-free. Hiccup shook his head to clear the dark cobwebs, and let the dream fade into a distant memory, no more important than any other dream he'd ever had.

Toothless barked out shortly at a single bird that flew too close, and watched in amusement as the tiny creature veered sharply away from him in terror, flapping its wings spastically. Hiccup rolled his eyes, and then leaned forward as Toothless banked into a steep dive. The wind whistled around him, making his eyes water as the ocean grew closer and closer below him, and the deep blue colors whirled almost sickeningly when Toothless spun, his wings curled close to his body. Hiccup laughed, the sensation of his stomach spinning making his head light and dizzy. Dark blue-green swirled with the light blue of the sky above Hiccup- or was it below him now? The colors blended together, mixing and spinning and revolving around him, bright and then dark, smooth and then rippled, above and then below-

And then everything snapped to a stop.

Hiccup jerked back, his entire body reeling with the suddenness of the halt, his stomach jumping up to his throat in a less than comfortable way. Black wings flared out unexpectedly, blocking out the ocean below as Toothless lurched to a standstill, wobbling in the winds that blew around them. Hiccup pressed a hand to his head, closing his eyes in a sudden sensation of motion sickness, something he'd never gotten while riding with Toothless before.

"Buddy, what's wrong? Something happen?"

Toothless didn't respond, instead hovering high above the ocean with his ears pricked towards something in the far distance, something that Hiccup couldn't even begin to see. The dragon was completely silent except for the deep rumbling in his chest, so lowly pitched that unless Hiccup listened hard for the sound he couldn't hear anything. His wings moved as little as possible, creating no sound and barely keeping them in the air- his tail swung back and forth to adjust to the constantly changing air current around him.

"Toothless?"

The dragons head snapped around, his eyes huge and his pupils narrowed into slits. Hiccup stared at his friend, wariness rising in his chest. Toothless looked as though something had spooked him, as though something had happened to make him instantly on guard. Hiccup glanced around again. There was nothing around them except for the ocean and the clouds above them. The auburn haired boy looked slowly back over at his friend, his expression turning to one of apprehension.

This had never happened before.

"Toothless, what are-OH GODS!"

Hiccup's anxious question morphed into a screech as Toothless curled his wings tightly to his body and dropped towards the water like a stone. The suddenness of the fall blasted air back into Hiccup's face, rendering him winded and unable to draw a breath. Was this a joke? Hiccup shielded his eyes with one arm, pressing himself flat against Toothless' back as the wind tore at him with greedy fingers, shrieking in his ears as the pair fell closer to the water. A hundred yardsâ€¦fifty yardsâ€¦twenty-five yardsâ€¦ten yards--

His heart pounding against his chest, Hiccup was thrown back as Toothless snapped out his wings and tore up and away from the water that lay close enough to them that Hiccup could spot every individual wave. His head flung back fast enough to give himself whiplash, his eyes widening once again.

"Toothless, what's \_happening?"\_ he screamed over the wind, the sound ripping itself out of his throat before being cast away as Toothless sped faster than lightning back towards Berk. His wings were a black blur, his legs curled up close to his chest to allow for more speed, his ears flattened back against his head- Toothless glanced back at him, making no sound, his eyes huge and dilated with what Hiccup could almost swear was \_panic\_.

What had happened? Toothless hadn't panicked even when they were fighting the Red Death- now though, he seemed to be terrified, his flight patterns uneven and jerky. Toothless was \_never\_ \_jerky\_ in flight. Toothless was one of the smoothest flyers on Berk- clumsiness wasn't in his nature.

Thinking about that shut him up, and the young boy concentrated on switching the tail fin whenever Toothless dove down or spun without warning. Whatever it was had to be serious- Toothless wouldn't do this otherwise. Toothless enjoyed playing pranks, and he was a mischievous little devil when it came down to it- but he wouldn't fake this kind of terror. No, this- whatever \_this\_ \_was- was serious.

Very serious- serious enough to spook Toothless, the most intelligent of dragons.

Hiccup didn't know how much time passed, but Berk came into view much sooner than Hiccup had expected- by his estimation, it seemed as though their return time had been cut in half just by Toothless's manic race back to the island. His head was dizzy, his eyes watering, his face raw from the salty wind that ripped at him- but Hiccup was more worried about Toothless himself. The Night Fury was panting, his sides heaving as they sped back to Berk, and his wing-beats were labored and heavy, yet he refused to slow down. Hiccup had to adjust accordingly to the dragon's unrelenting speed, squinting in concern at his friend.

Trees blurred past below them as Toothless zoomed over the forests of Berk, skyrocketing around Raven's Point and shooting over the cove where they'd first met without even a second glance. Birds shot out of the trees in flocks as Toothless whizzed by overhead, until finally, \_finally, \_the village of Berk itself came into view.

The ground came up to meet the pair with a painful crash as Toothless landed so quickly that Hiccup had no time to brace himself. His wings flaring out, the black dragon didn't slow down, instead using his momentum to bound a few steps across the earth before taking off in a mad dash towards Hiccup's house. Hiccup clung to the saddle, finding it useless to argue- Toothless was unreachable at the moment, overcome by this newfound terror or whatever was bothering him.

Villagers standing in town dropped whatever they were holding, and Hiccup saw them for a split second before Toothless was racing away- their faces morphed into expressions of shock and confusion, pointing and yelling out to Hiccup- and then Toothless was gone, nothing but a black blur to them as he sprinted away. The saddle bounced up and down with every movement the dragon made, and Hiccup, unused to anything but flying, lurched forward along with it. Toothless was, so it seemed, both the fastest dragon both on land \_and\_ in the air.

"T-T-Toot-t-thl-e-ess, c-ca-n y-you ju-us-t-"

The ground sped past beneath Toothless, and Hiccup squeezed his eyes shut, willing himself not to be sick- and then, with a sudden burst of manic speed and a well-aimed fireball, Toothless had blasted (literally) through the door to Hiccup's house.

His wings flared out, barely fitting inside the space of the main room, and the dragon skidded to a stop, turning in several circles before spinning around and bounding up the stairs to Hiccup's room. The hallway was narrow, and Toothless barreled straight into one of the walls, barely managing to turn slightly to keep from plowing into the wood head-on, instead taking the hit on one shoulder. Hiccup felt himself get thrown back alongside his dragon, snapping back and then forward before Toothless had knocked down the door to his room and careened straight into his bed.

Everything stopped moving except for Hiccup's head, and more importantly, his stomach, and Hiccup doubled over, taking a deep breath to force himself to not hurl. And another. And another. His head was spinning sickeningly, and every part of his body hurt with

the sharp pain of being so roughly jostled by the crazy dash back to the house- his hands were shaking, and Hiccup wasn't surprised to find out a moment later that the rest of him was shaking too.

What scared him though, most of all, was the trembling that ran throughout Toothless' body alongside the wheezing gasps that overtook him. Toothless was fast, faster than any other- but he wasn't built for flying so fast for so long. The dragon's scales were burning, whether from the warmth outside or the exertion, Hiccup didn't know- did dragons even sweat?

With clumsily shaking fingers, Hiccup unclipped himself from the saddle and slid ungracefully to the floor, stumbling around for a moment on legs that didn't want to hold his weight. After regaining his coordination, he turned around, tugging the saddle from Toothless' back and dropping it to the floor carelessly- it wasn't important right now.

"Toothless, what's going on?" he whispered, not trusting his voice to stay steady if he raised it. The black dragon looked at him, his yellow-green eyes wide and the pupils narrow, his expression one of utter exhaustion and the obvious fear. Hiccup reached out, rubbing the side of his friend's neck in what he hoped was a comforting manner- and then the pounding of heavy footsteps on the stairs broke the silence.

Hiccup spun around just as Stoic burst into the room, wide-eyed and gasping.

"Hiccup! What is going \_on\_?"

Astrid tumbled through a moment later, her blue eyes worried and her trusty axe secured in her hands. She looked warily around the room, tense and ready for a fight as she switched easily into her battle mode.

"Is something wrong? Where is it?"

"Nothing! I mean, something's wrong, but I don't know! I was getting to that! So, justâ€¦out! Get out! Wait a minute for me to understand! Shoo!" Hiccup waved his arms wildly in his father and girlfriends direction, motioning for them to leave. Both of them opened their mouths to say something, looking mutinous and stubborn, and then decided against it as soon as they saw Toothless. Slowly, looking back over their shoulders, the chief and the warrior girl trudged out; closing what remained of Hiccup's door behind them.

Hiccup sighed. Toothless whined behind him, nudging his shoulder with his nose before wrapping his tail around Hiccup. The boy sighed, and then repeated the question that had been playing over and over in his mind since Toothless had first stopped to listen to whatever he'd heard with his dragon senses.

"Toothlessâ€¦what happened?"

\*\*Andâ€¦what'd you think? I'm pretty excited about this idea, and hopefully this caught some people's attentionâ€¦either way, I'll keep updating this to further explain what's going on here. Any ideas on what's happening so far?\*

**\*\*Anyways, this is my first attempt at writing a full-length storyâ€¦let's see if I can stick to it. I've only ever written short stories and one-shots before, so hopefully this will grab everybody's attention and give me a few regular watchers. Reviews make my day, literally, so if you have anything to say, anything at all, then tell me! I'm open to anything- criticism, advice, praise, factual opinionsâ€¦no flaming though, since I'll just use it to roast marshmallows. And trust me; I really don't need any more sugar.\*\***

**\*\*Anywaysâ€¦thanks for reading, hope you liked it, and please leave behind your thoughts!\*\***

End  
file.